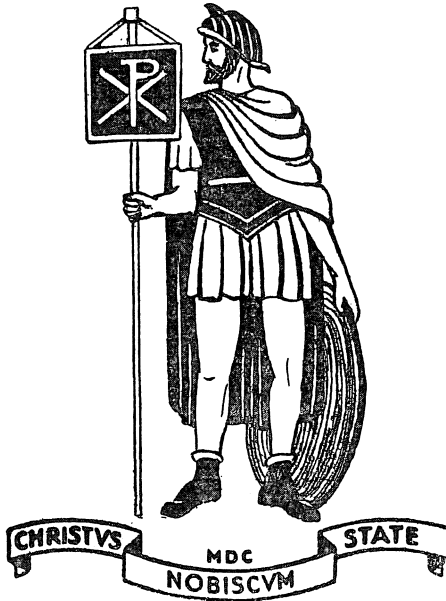


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1952

# Alcester

## Grammar School Record

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No. 102.

JULY, 1952.

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EDITOR : MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE :

Barbara Druller, Jill Kempster, Wendy Lovell, Kathleen Highman,  
Feast i, Davies.

### EDITORIAL

Last term we explained the difficulties under which we were working to make the *Record* pay its way. We are very grateful to several of our long-standing supporters for gifts of money to help us to meet rising costs. But we regret to have to report that, in spite of these gifts and the economies we made, we still incurred a loss on last term's magazine.

As it is quite impossible to make further economies and at the same time to produce a magazine which will serve the purposes for which it is intended, we have no alternative to increasing the price. Starting with the present number we are, therefore, charging **one shilling and a penny** instead of the previous one shilling per copy. Provided then that the circulation does not go down, we hope that we shall be able to cover expenses this term. But, in order to relieve us of our financial worries, we want to increase the circulation, and we appeal to our subscribers to try to persuade any Old Scholars who do not at present support the magazine to give us an order for it.

We wish, also, to call the attention of postal subscribers to the notice published last term and to the tablet on the back cover relating to subscriptions. Postal subscriptions are now **four** shillings instead of three. Several subscribers apparently failed to notice this change and sent their subscriptions at the old rate.

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### SCHOOL REGISTER

#### VALETE

\*Finnemore, E. C. (VI.), 1943-52.  
Palmer, D. (V.B), 1947-52.  
Collett, R. J. (IV.B), 1948-52.  
Joinson, A. P. (IV.A), 1948-52.

Rawlins, G. D. (IV.B), 1947-52.  
Lamb, D. P. (III.B), 1948-52.  
Maycock, G. (III.B), 1950-52.

\* Prefect.

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#### SALVETE

Birch, G. D. (II.A).

Goward, B. (VI.).

There have been 289 pupils in attendance this term.

**THE OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD**

<i>Hon. Secretaries :</i>	<i>President :</i>	<i>Hon. Treasurer :</i>
J. Mahoney, M. Whelch.	G. P. Baylis.	Mrs. M. Feast.

**Summer Reunion**

The Summer Reunion will be held at the School on Saturday, 19th July. In accordance with the usual practice, invitations have only been sent to those who have paid subscriptions, but all Old Scholars are, of course, very welcome.

We should, however, be glad if anyone wishing to come and who has not received an invitation would please notify the Hon. Secretary, J. Mahoney, High Street, Alcester, stating whether he wishes to play tennis and needs a partner.

With regret it has been decided that we must revert to our former custom of making a charge to cover the cost of supper, and this has been fixed at 2s. 6d. As formerly, this sum will be collected during the meal.

**Dance**

We are happy to report that the Dance held in Alcester Town Hall on 15th April last was a great success, and although the total financial commitments have not as yet been met, it is estimated that when these are finally cleared up a small profit will have been made.

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**BIRTHS**

On December 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Baldwyn (née Ann Aspinwall)—a daughter.

On January 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Green—a son.

On February 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Phillipson (née Maureen Pallett)—a daughter.

On April 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Davis (née Mary Slaughter)—a son.

On April 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morrall (née Eileen Evans)—a son.

On April 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Randall (née Joan Huxley)—a daughter.

On May 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Smithin (née Alma Lloyd)—a daughter.

On May 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jordan—a daughter.

\* \* \*

**MARRIAGES**

On February 16th, at Bidford-on-Avon, Albert Bennett to Mavis Jean Warmington (scholar 1945-50).

On March 15th, at Bidford-on-Avon, Trevor George Warmington (scholar 1938-42) to Iris Jean Gardner.

On March 22nd, at Stratford-on-Avon, Royston John Baylis (scholar 1943-49) to Valerie Jaques (scholar 1944-49).

On March 29th, at Edgbaston, Robert John Hunt (scholar, 1937-42) to Elizabeth Mary Nall (scholar 1937-40).

- On March 29th, at Styvechale, Coventry, Norman Drew to Brenda Doris Castle (scholar 1942-44).
- On April 23rd, at Mappleborough Green, Hugh Charrington to Nancy Elizabeth Green (scholar 1931-39).
- On April 30th, at Shotton, Geoffrey John Pace (scholar 1939-45) to Joan Betty Wyatt (scholar 1943-48).
- On May 7th, at Alcester, Clifford John Harris to Josephine Stringer (scholar 1942-46).
- On June 16th, at Kington, John Pearson Rimell Heard (scholar 1944-47) to Rita Mutton.
- On June 16th, at Astwood Bank, Edwin W. J. Chambers to Brenda E. I. Mitchell (scholar 1941-47).
- On June 21st, at Bidford-on-Avon, John Harold Oliver to Vera Marion Stallard (scholar 1942-48).

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### OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

H. E. Whitehouse has been elected Chairman of the Alcester Rural District Council.

Several Old Boys have recently gone into the Forces. Among these are D. Payne, who is in the Grenadier Guards, A. Payne and W. Hitchings, who are in the R.A.F.

A. D. Collins has been appointed a Physical Fitness Officer in the R.A.F.

G. Hillman has obtained a B.Sc., with first class honours, in the School of Fermentation at Birmingham University.

We are sorry to have to record that Winifred Kessey has been seriously ill in hospital since the beginning of the year.

R. McCarthy writes that when posted to Egypt he travelled from England by air, making one landing, in Malta. He had the opportunity of seeing from the air France, Switzerland, Corsica and Sardinia. He is working in the Signal Office of the G.H.Q. of M.E.L.F. He has played football, hockey and cricket for his regiment.

H. E. Hadwen has obtained a B.Sc. in Biology (with subsidiary Biochemistry) at Birmingham University.

Joan Waring has been this year's Alcester Carnival Queen.

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1952

*(With apologies to John Masefield)*

Rations, rations, always rations, they are ringing in my ears,  
Like a mournful piece of music chanted downwards through the years.  
Rancid marge, and salty bacon, cheese that's just one ounce a week.  
Taste of meat, as tough as leather, eggs when cracked that simply reek.

There's some black slate in the woodshed that the merchant says is coal.  
Then there's beer as weak as water. Never gets you "Up the pole!"  
If we take our tea with sugar, jam at home we cannot make.  
Still we must not grouse or grumble; pull our belts in till we ache.

JUDITH ROBERTS (IV.A).

**RETROSPECTIVE**

Old Scholars whose dignity and preoccupation forbid them to write articles for the magazine, and others who sever the bonds of school life and discipline with relief, will wonder at yet another conservative-minded young man who harks back to his school days with joy. A half-promise of a contribution has rankled in my mind for the past few months. My muse has suddenly returned, and I find myself addressing you again.

Great changes seem to have taken place at school since I left. Two new buildings have sprung up, so to speak, like mushrooms. A Biology Laboratory has been constructed when I can no longer make use of it. There seems, however, to be no change in the atmosphere of the school, and no excitement prevails where, during the war, the appearance of a small heap of stones was wistfully regarded as the harbinger of what was to prove a much bigger and uglier heap, the school canteen.

At a University, one inevitably misses the interest shown and encouragement given. Indeed, on my visits to school this year, I, normally a retiring and bashful youth (?) have been almost embarrassed by questions relating to "how I am getting on." One is bored, too, with the amount of freedom given, whereas how exciting was it at school to break bounds or to ride down the drive on one's bicycle! Even there a relaxing of discipline seems to have taken place, at least in the Sixth Form room. Reports have been reaching me that elsewhere a reign of terror surpassed only by the Inquisition, the Star Chamber and the Gestapo has been instituted by an efficient Head Boy. Rumours of an organised visit to a local hospital at the end of term have been discredited.

I was intrigued by recent reports in the local paper of high-level exchanges between the townships of Alcester, Warwickshire, and Alcester, South Dakota. This was interesting to me because Alan Hadwen and I, while perusing the "Times" Atlas (which is familiar to all Sixth-formers) in an idle moment about two years ago, chanced upon the other Alcester, and speculated for a while on sending a letter to the "Sheriff," who would, as we supposed, be the guy in charge around those parts. I was rather disappointed to find that no one totes a gun there nowadays, but the news that there exists a fine High School gave me the idea that A.G.S. should get into touch with that. I would further suggest that outdoor societies, such as the Field and Photographic Societies, should combine to compile a guide to Alcester which could be sent over there. A notable contribution, moreover, to the Sixth Form party could be made by the 50,000,000 pheasants which, we are told, inhabit South Dakota.

Such a movement would help in a small way to combat the ignorance of the American public of the British way of life. Some of you may remember that a driver of one of the London buses which went on a publicity tour of the States was asked to speak a little English. I have also heard that many Americans regard history as having begun in 1762, and think that we are still in the throes of the Civil War. I hear a Third-former asking what happened in 1762. Has no one heard of Buffalo Bill?

*M. R. PERRYMAN.*

## MY REPORT

Every term things are the same. Of course, I mean at the end of every term, when that "beautiful little book of words" comes out—the Report. Reports are very necessary in a way, I suppose, but I wish they would have them in the middle of the term instead of at the end. When I take my Report home, this is how the conversation goes :

"Got your Report?"

"Yes. Do you want any shopping done?"

"Where is it?"

"In my satchel. Shall I take the dog out?"

"Give it to me." (Short pause whilst envelope is undone. Tension increases.) "... English ... Hmmm! that's all right." (Sigh of relief from me!) And so it goes on down to the bottom of the page, until "Maths" appears.

"Really, Pat, you should do better than that. You don't *concentrate*; that's what's the matter with you. Now when *I* was at school we used to have to ..." and the conversation drones on and on, and I am dragged once again over the ritual of this school in what seems like prehistoric days.

The holidays are in full swing, and then, just at a most enjoyable moment, one of the family will say : "Yes, Pat, when you get back to school you've really got to do some work for a change. I want to see a big improvement—soon!"

"Well, I got a good percentage in——"

"I know, but what about your percentage in ... ?" And so it goes on. Nobody ever remembers the good percentages—oh, no! It is always the poor ones they remember.

However, on the day before we return to school my Report is generally lost, never to be found, it seems. But it always is found, not by myself, but by the dog, who has carefully chewed the corner to a fine pulp after carrying it into the middle of the lawn. Someone suddenly remembers putting it on the chair ready for to-morrow just before the dog had it. That is how the dog got it—off the chair; but of course it's *my* fault, for whose Report is it? Whose dog?

The next day arrives. The report will not fit into my satchel, will not go under my arm because I am carrying so many things. Ugh! Goodness! By the time I get to school I feel that Reports are a menace to the community—and so they are!

### A JUNE FIRE

It was the beginning of "Flaming June"—a cold, wet, miserable day, with all the family huddled up round the empty grate.

I suggested lighting a fire, and went outside to get the coal from the coalhouse. The rain was beating into the porch, soaking me as I picked out small pieces of coal from the heap. I was so engrossed in doing this that I ventured a little too far with the tongs and fetched down the majority of large lumps on to my foot (so making the coalhouse not the only place with large lumps).

I picked up the result of my delvings and carried the shovel into the house, going outside again for the sticks. Of course, the box was empty and, as it was my job anyway to fill it, I had to waste a little more time in wading up the garden path looking for some, naturally really damped by the rain, which was still falling heavily.

If there is no paper, I thought, it will be the last straw. In a few moments I wished I had even a straw for, as a frost had been expected the previous night, all the newspapers had been used to cover the gooseberry bushes. Lighting a fire with wet sticks and no paper, for the pleasure of the family! I was going out for the evening.

Really disheartened, I returned to the sitting-room and asked the whereabouts of anything that might serve as paper, only to be told there was nothing except a few envelopes. More contented, I began to lay the fire, and then noticed the absence of the matches from the mantelpiece. Nobody seemed to know where they were, so I went to the kitchen and stood on a chair to get another box from the top of a cupboard. As I reached across to grasp them, I caught my sleeve against some vases, and these crashed to the floor.

The noise wakened father, who shouted to ask what was the matter and how much I had broken. I told him exactly what had happened and why I was so precariously balanced on the chair. He said: "Matches? Why! I've got them in my pocket."

I turned away disgustedly and set the paper alight. It flared up, and I thought all would be well, but did not go until I was sure. The sticks began to smoke and the coal to glow. I picked up the now empty shovel, put it away and washed my hands. As I came back through the sitting-room the fire looked more cheerful, so I went upstairs to get ready.

After about half-an-hour I descended, to see black coal in the grate of a dull room. No fire for the family that night.

BARBARA DRULLER (VI).

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### THE AERO-MODELLING SOCIETY

Steady progress has again been maintained this Term. A "Frog Diana" glider kit was awarded to Leadbetter for the best model constructed last Term. This Term we are competing for another glider.

M. FINNEMORE.

### **HOLIDAYS**

An annual holiday can be of great benefit to any person fortunate enough to be able to take a rest from his or her usual daily routine, and also provides plenty of anecdotes for the long winter evenings.

Some people prefer a restful holiday in peaceful surroundings, where they hope there are no small children to fill their shoes with wet sand or worms or other pleasant surprises while they are quietly lazing on the shore or in the meadow.

This type of holiday would prove quite a change to people who enjoy having plenty of good companions, and so usually spend a week in a holiday camp or any other place where everybody seems to thrive well on fun, games and late nights. Growing children, of course, must make up for this after the holiday, according to many parents. I am sure many mothers must feel they need another week of complete relaxation in some quiet spot after the rush of packing, plus a whirlwind holiday in which the children seem to get up to as many tricks as possible. However, they appear to enjoy it, if only for the family's sake.

I have heard there are some people who spend their annual holiday working especially hard in the house or garden, but I do not think this type of holiday appeals to many, and surely it does not give any form of relaxation or revitalization. There is, however, an old saying: "A change is as good as a rest!"

I myself prefer a holiday which combines fun and games, pleasant surroundings, visits to places of interest and, of course, if possible, reasonably good weather. But the essence of a really beneficial holiday is a wish to enjoy oneself and make others happy at the same time.

*KATHLEEN HIGHMAN (V.A).*

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### **NOISES IN THE NIGHT**

A low moan echoes through the stillness of the night. I can hear the everlasting ticking of the grandfather clock. What was that? Footsteps! There's no one here except me. Can someone be breaking in? Of course not; there isn't anything valuable here. Shall I get up? No, I am better in bed. No one will know I'm here if I keep still. Anyhow, if there is anyone here I can call for the neighbours. I know Mr. and Mrs. Malow are in. A scuffling up above! Must be the mice in the attic. Oh, how I wish mom and dad were here; at least I wouldn't be alone. What time is it? Eight, I think. No, it can't be; it struck eight ages ago. Dare I look at the alarm clock, or will someone hear me if I move? Yes, I think I dare. Oh, how beastly cold it is! Oh, thank goodness! Nine or nearly nine. I can't see in this light. Someone's at the door. Mom's here at last. I am glad she's here.

*PAMELA BUSKIN (I.B).*



**" PREFECTS' HOLIDAY "**

One of us prefects, brighter than the rest, had the marvellous idea of a "prefects' day trip," something for us to look forward to when performing the heavy burden of our duties. This idea was approved by all the prefects, though most of them considered it only a beautiful day-dream beyond the bounds of their feeble powers of organisation. A few, however, undaunted by the sarcastic grins of the sceptics, decided that it was going to be more than a pleasant dream, and a meeting of the 24 prefects was called during a "break."

During that break the prefects might themselves have been reprimanded for the noise they were making! There were so many questions to be answered. What could we afford? Where should we go? When should we go? No one seemed able to agree with the person next to him or her, and at least ten different answers to each question could be heard in the air, if one listened carefully. Finally, on another inspiration, a committee was elected, and the meeting adjourned fairly amicably.

This committee really did its job. It decided on Whit Wednesday as "The Great Day," and procured lists of outings and prices from several coach-hiring businesses. A notice was put up in the Sixth Form room for each prefect to state where he or she would prefer to go. From a glance at this it appeared that the Wye Valley was the unanimous selection, and yet this committee, surprising as well as efficient, declared that the favourite was Windsor, so to Windsor we would go!

The worst headache for the organisers of this trip was the filling of the seats—we had had to order a bus seating thirty. All the prefects tried to come, but for one reason or another ten could not manage it, and so the remaining sixteen seats were obligingly filled by members of the Fifth and Fourth Forms, on a pledge that we would forget for once our duty, as prefects, to order them about. Thus this last obstacle was overcome, though after some worrying times, as when one of the girl prefects, looking very woebegone, was wondering however she could break the news that she had another and more pressing engagement for Whit Wednesday, and so there would be yet another seat to fill.

So a full-day trip to Windsor on Whit Wednesday was successfully arranged, a 30-seater coach was hired and filled, and the impossible had been achieved, the sceptics disproved, the day-dream reduced to reality. Everyone looked forward eagerly to Whit Wednesday.

With remarkable luck we had chosen the best day of the holidays for our outing, since the sun shone brilliantly all day. Everyone turned up, and everyone enjoyed themselves. Apart from the time when, after a short stop at Henley, a few members of our party were a quarter of an hour late (having stayed to finish their delayed coffee), and also that on which four members were half an hour late, even though the driver had threatened that latecomers would not be waited for (he had also supplied the helpful news that a taxi would cost only £5), everything went smoothly. The wonders of Windsor Castle were admired, the view of

thirteen counties was eagerly gazed on from the top of the castle tower, the chapels were minutely inspected, river boats were hired by those who liked the water, and the Eton boys, who appeared to have turned out, complete with mothers and sisters in expensive clothes, just for our benefit, were almost as novel to the members of our party as were the sentries at the Castle, with their red coats and busbies.

A tiring but happy and, to the delight, no doubt, of the staff, an educating day was had by all, and I think it very possible that this may even become an annual event. I feel sure, anyway, that those of the thirty who are not leaving in July will do their best to do it again, or even something better, next year.

JILL KEMPSTER (VI).

### TERROR OF THE WATERS

The sun was still high in the sky and shone brilliantly on the waters of a large river which babbled and rippled over the stones. Just above this "rapid," in a quiet pool, a shoal of gudgeon lay basking in the sun's rays. A slight movement in the reeds nearby gave warning of the killer who was lurking there, but the gudgeons were sleepy owing to the sun, and the movement passed undetected. The next moment, with a great flurry that churned the water to a milk-white foam, the killer was among them, snatching right and left and scattering them in all directions. The killer was a large, vicious, cannibal pike who had not eaten for several days. At the best of times the pike is a dangerous fish, but when hungry he will kill and eat any fish, even another of his own family.

For the present the gudgeons had learned their lesson. In a river, it pays to keep alert, for there are other killers beside the pike. The voracious perch and salmon will not hesitate to eat a nice juicy fish. For a time these small fish would remember this interlude and keep alert, but after a while it would slip their poor memories, and they would return to their old haunts and ways, to be attacked once more in the same manner.

N. PINFIELD (II.A).

### CERCLE FRANCAIS

*Président:* M. Davison.

*Vice-Président:* Mlle. P. Elmore.

*Secrétaire:* Mlle. B. Druller.

*Trésorier:* M. Warburton.

Ce trimestre nous avons continués les répétitions des trois petites pièces de théâtre que nous espérons jouer à la fin de juillet. Aussi, nous avons entendu quelques disques en Français et nous lisons tous, avec beaucoup d'intérêt les revues françaises—"France—Illustration" et "Elle," envoyées chaque semaine au lycée.

**NOTES AND NEWS**

The Summer Term opened on Tuesday, April 29th, and closes on Thursday, July 31st.

\*            \*            \*

On Friday, March 21st, the Junior Cross-Country was run, being won by Allen.

\*            \*            \*

On Monday, March 24th, the Senior Cross-Country took place. The winner was Fogg. The Tomtits won the team race by a narrow margin.

\*            \*            \*

At Speech Day, on Thursday, March 27th, certificates and prizes were presented by Prof. E. A. Peel, Head of the Education Department of Birmingham University.

\*            \*            \*

On March 26th, Forms III.A and III.B, with Miss Lavery and Mr. Bell, visited Stratford-on-Avon to see a performance of "The Tempest."

\*            \*            \*

On Friday, March 14th, a lecture on the Navy was given to senior boys.

\*            \*            \*

Last term, the Fifth Forms were invited by Messrs. Guillaume to visit their needle factory. The "A" Form went on Friday, April 4th, and the "B" Form the following Monday. On their arrival, they were met by Mr. Guillaume, Junr., who handed each one a printed card, which gave the main processes of needlemaking, which he briefly explained. He also told the party that they could collect samples on their way through the factory. During the tour of the works they saw many interesting processes—the drawing of the wire, the eyeing, tempering, hardening, scouring, polishing and, finally, the packing of the finished needles. At the end of a most enjoyable visit, they were entertained to light refreshments by the firm.

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The Mile was run on Monday, April 7th, the winner being Savage.

\*            \*            \*

On Tuesday, April 8th, the Junior School was entertained with French dialogues by members of Form II.A.

At the end of last term Mr. J. Lord left the Staff to take up another appointment.

\* \* \*

At the closing assembly colours were presented as follows—Hockey (Boys) : Fogg, Savage; Netball : S. Merris, S. Winspear.

\* \* \*

The picture for the tidiest Form-room was retained by Form II.B.

\* \* \*

On Wednesday, May 7th, members of the Sixth and Fifth Forms, with Miss Hewitt and Mr. Druller, visited the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, for a matinee performance of "As You Like It."

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Another party, consisting of members of the Fourth and Sixth Forms, with Mr. Hadwen, saw a performance of "Macbeth" on Wednesday, June 11th.

\* \* \*

The French orals were held on Friday, May 23rd.

\* \* \*

Half Term was arranged for the week of Whitsuntide, June 2nd—6th.

\* \* \*

The examinations for the Oxford General Certificate of Education began on June 17th.

\* \* \*

The School Term Examinations were held in the week commencing June 30th.

\* \* \*

Sports Day is arranged for Thursday, July 17th.

\* \* \*

Since last October over 360 letters have been written by members of the School to French children, mainly in the Paris and Corrèze regions, and over 340 have been received. Approximate details are as follows : *Form VI*, sent 23, received 23; *Form V.A*, sent 72, received 69; *Form V.B*, sent 24, received 25; *Form IV.A*, sent 40, received 39; *Form IV.B*, sent 8, received 7; *Form III.A*, sent 49, received 45; *Form III.B*, sent 153, received 135.

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Next Term starts on Monday, September 15th.

**A DAY IN BED**

It was a day in the holidays—a beautiful day—and there was I, lying in bed, ill. I awoke very early, and as I had had a troubled night I was very tired and miserable. When I had drunk a cup of tea, I sat up and read a few magazines. But after a while I got bored with them. The same thing happened with some knitting and sewing, and finally I lay down and listened to the noises outside.

The first sound that caught my ear was that of the milkman. I heard him come up a path and then go down it, and he repeated this process until I could not hear him any more. After this, people began to come out, and I heard the children from across the road, who were always early birds, start playing “house” on the grass verge. Suddenly the silence was broken by a loud rumpus going on in somebody’s dwelling. I could not catch what it was, but it sounded like two atom bombs exploding at once. Just as this bedlam had subsided, a lorry and an aeroplane (which sounded like a jet) came past at the same time. Oh, the noise! It made my bed shake like a jelly. As soon as all this noise had passed most of the small children of our avenue started playing outside. I listened to them for quite two hours, and finally dropped off to sleep.

When I awoke it was three o’clock, but how I had slept that long, with that awful pain in my throat and ear, is more than I can understand. Suddenly I heard a noise I had been dreading all day. It was the doctor’s car. Now if there is one thing I hate, it is visiting a doctor and his visiting me. With shaking knees, I tidied the bed, and hastily combed my hair. I had just finished when I heard the door open, and in came the doctor and my mother. After asking where the pain was, he put his finger down my throat, just where the sore part was. I could have cried out, but just managed to stop myself. He then put that horrible thermometer into my mouth, and I am sure he left it in for hours. He went away after asking me a few more questions, leaving a prescription for some tablets. After lying day-dreaming for an hour, I had a cup of tea.

For the next half-hour my friend Ann visited me, and after she had left I called mother up to give her the box of chocolates which Ann had brought me, as I did not feel like them. From then until bed-time I read some more of the magazines, and when at last mother did come to bed (I always sleep with her when I am ill) I dropped off for another night’s troubled sleep.

*JUNE WEBB (II.A).*

**A QUEER CREATURE**

This creature wears a funny beak,  
He cannot quack, he cannot speak.  
His feet are webbed—not very big.  
They’re made to swim, and also dig.  
He will not come to you and beg.  
But now and then he lays an egg.  
About his name we need not fuss—  
It is the duck-billed platypus.

*ANN DEARDEN (IV.A.).*

### AT CAMP WITH THE SCOUTS

It was pouring with rain when we tramped over the hill towards the valley where we were going to camp for the next six days. We Scouts were soaking, and cold, but cheerful at the prospect of six days away from the stuffy old school and no algebra, no geometry. Oh, what bliss! But I was suddenly brought back to the wet world with the shout of "Flew! Go and get some wood for the fire." I wandered off to an oak tree. Under this tree I found some rotten wood and I took this back. Because it was raining we shamelessly broke all Scout rules and used a newspaper which I had most conveniently brought with me. From the top of the hill I heard a shout: "Here's Skip!" This is the name we call our Scoutmaster. Instantly there was pandemonium; Scouts were everywhere, some putting wood on the fire to hide the newspaper, and some tidying the camp. By the time Skip arrived, puffing and panting, everything was fine. We were all lined up in front of our tents. "Well, you settled down quickly, boys," said Skip. "And a good fire, too." Luckily he had not noticed the wink that passed from the patrol leaders to me.

"Well, boys, let's get the tea ready."

"Yes, Skip," we said.

"Come on, then," he said.

We slept very lightly that night, as there was a stream nearby, and the noise kept us awake most of the time. Next morning we woke early and looked to the East. There, on the horizon, a thin scimitar of golden light was slowly widening. The birds were already awake and their songs echoed through the valley. It was my turn to call "Taffy. Go and get some wood."

"Right, Flew," he said.

We got the matches with great difficulty from a half awake Skip. We had a good breakfast of bacon and eggs, then we went for a walk through the woods till eight o'clock. Then we had a nice wash in the ice-cold stream which had bothered us during the night. And for the next five days we had a blissful and exciting time.

*J. F. BENNETT (II.B).*

### THE DANCING LESSON

Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow. That's easy enough, I thought, but I soon changed my mind when I came to do it. Never in my life had I fallen over my own feet so many times in one hour, as I did at my first dancing lesson. Everything sounded so easy, everything looked so easy. But was it easy?

However, after a few lessons I began to follow the steps more readily. My main worry now was where to put all the different steps we had learnt. We always seemed to be learning something new. When dancing with the dancing master, anyone would think we had been dancing since our cradle days, but when it came to dancing with a lot of clumsy beginners, people soon began to have other ideas.

Never mind. I suppose we shall learn in time; but when, I dread to think.

*MAUREEN BRYAN (IV.A).*

**FIRE! FIRE!**

It happened on a lovely summer evening as the sun, like a fiery red ball, was going down to its rest.

My friends and I were engrossed in a game of cricket when suddenly we heard a loud explosion. We gave it no more thought, as one of the players suggested that a lorry's back tyre had probably been punctured by some glass. About ten minutes later there was a second similar explosion, and we had a good look round to try to discover the cause. We thought it might have come from the barn nearby, and just as we were peering over a high hedge there was a third explosion, followed by a bright, almost dazzling, white light. Then, like a streak of lightning, the wires which had caught fire fell across the field ablaze, and as each one reached the ground a long line of smoke could be seen from one end of the field to the other. Of course, this happened in a matter of seconds.

Meanwhile, some of us rushed up to the farmhouse to warn them of the fire which had broken out in the barn. This was serious, as it was stacked with bales of hay for the winter. And some ran to a house just round the corner, where we knew they had a telephone installed. Unfortunately, the telephone was out of order, so one of the older boys dashed to the nearest telephone kiosk in town to inform the fire brigade.

The farmer and his men were very quickly clearing the other half of the barn of all the farm implements. One of the men shouted to us onlookers to take the frightened horses and the squealing pigs from the stables and sties which adjoined the barn.

By now all the inhabitants of the district had swarmed into the field to watch the hungry flames leaping over the bales of hay. The heat from the fire was so intense that part of the corrugated asbestos roof nearest to the fire was melting. The fire engines did not arrive until the fire had got a good hold, and the firemen managed to save only a small proportion of the bales of hay and the fabric of the barn. They were working late into the night to make quite sure the fire was finally extinguished.

The crowd slowly dispersed, as if sorry to leave the scene which had provided them with such a thrilling evening's entertainment.

WENDY LOVELL (V.B).

**THE WILLOW PATTERN PLATE**

Some plates are unattractive, and do nothing but contain  
The food that you are eating, which makes it very plain.  
And when there's anyone to tea and you must be polite,  
You look down at your plate and see (and I am sure I'm right)  
A very dull and plain green plate, or one with painted flowers;  
To stare at that is boring when you have to sit for hours.  
But the willow pattern plate is the one that I like best,  
Because it's got a story that is different from the rest.  
You can trace from the beginning the story of the life  
Of the two unhappy people, of their hardships and their strife;  
Of the proud and selfish father, who said they could not wed;  
So they tried to flee away from him, but changed to doves instead.  
I wish that every other plate had on it such a tale.  
That when you're busy eating it's story would unveil.  
And when any one arrives you can look down at your plate  
And see on it a story that it's going to relate.

MARY THOMSON (IV.B).

### OUR PICNIC

We started out on Sunday afternoon blissfully ignorant of what was later to befall us. The sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing fit to burst as we sped along the country lanes in our trusty car. We rounded a sharp corner with the sunshine roof wide open, and literally hundreds of little green grubs drifted in and smothered us. We all got out to rid ourselves of the little green pests before continuing on our way.

Our first call was at the top of a steep hill, where we had planned to fly our model glider. At the first attempt it nose-dived into the ground, and after one or two minor repairs we set it off again. This time it swooped through the air and then nose crashed into a wooden stake in a fence, and both wings fell off. We got into the car disgusted and drove away.

After we had driven along for about a mile, we remembered that we had left our dog behind, so we had to go back and look for her. At the end of a long search we discovered that she was half-way down a rabbit hole, and amid much shouting and barking we managed to get her back to the car, where we all piled in and drove off once more. This time we were luckier, finding a lovely spot right by the side of a river. Our main thoughts were concerning the tea, but we first had a game at cricket to work up a good appetite. When at last we went to unpack the tea, we found to our dismay that we had forgotten to pack the kettle, and so we had to go back home to eat our picnic in the garden.

*H. FEAST (V.B.).*

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### HOW A STRANGE NEW HOBBY STARTED

One fine, warm, summer's day this year the heat had made me quite restless, and I was very irritable indeed. Suddenly an idea came into my head that I would lie down on our lawn and try to cool myself. So off I went.

Well, I lay there for some time, staring into space, as one would say, and dreaming. Then, as I came to myself, I saw within arm's reach a four-leaved clover. Of course I plucked it, eager to find yet more, and also thinking of the superstition about luck coming to the finder of such a thing.

No longer was I tired. Up I jumped and ventured to another part of the lawn; there I found another thirteen clovers, all of which had four leaves. As I had my wrist-watch on, I timed myself for fun (before gathering the thirteen) and imagine my surprise and excitement when I found that I had found all thirteen in just less than five minutes. Determined to keep them, I pressed them in a book and decided to start a collection. Since then I have been lucky enough to find many more. So out of that hot, sultry day came a startling find and a new hobby for spare time.

*SYLVIA BINT (II.A.).*



**OLLA PODRIDA**

A centurion, writes J.B., is a cricket player who scores a hundred.

\* \* \*

M.F. tells us that he has four fathers.

\* \* \*

An optimist, according to A.H., is a man who specialises in feet and toe-nails.

\* \* \*

The popularity of Alcester, writes P.S., is two thousand.

\* \* \*

I called in at the chemists to get some idiotic pills, R.B. informs us.

\* \* \*

A Fourth-former has said that he found a skeleton belonging to "Ods Bodikins."

\* \* \*

Who has seen elegant ladies waltzing round with clothes on in a cafe?

\* \* \*

A tentacle, says S.P., is a very high peak.

\* \* \*

A Sixth-former remarks that she does not approve of drinking from the cradle.

\* \* \*

Asked why she was so wide-awake, a senior girl replied: "I have not been to bed lately."

\* \* \*

Omen, according to S.P., means "the end."

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**FIVE DIRTY DUCKLINGS**

Five spotless ducklings,  
Mother watched them go,  
One behind the other,  
So neatly in a row.

But they found a puddle,  
And stopped in it to play.  
Five dirty ducklings.

Went waddling home that day.  
PRUNELLA SPENCER (I.A.).

**A TOUR TO THE ELAN VALLEY**

We packed the car and managed to start on our journey at about eleven in the morning. We filled the petrol tank and checked the oil at the village garage, and then travelled to Kidderminster via Bromsgrove. Turning left down a small road in Kidderminster, we were then on the road to Bewdley, which was our next calling point. A downpour commenced, and with the rain coming down in torrents we decided that we were all feeling hungry and agreed to stop between Bewdley and Ludlow for our lunch. So, after proceeding a few miles, we pulled up on a grass verge to feed. After a short time we were again on the way to Ludlow.

In Ludlow we got into difficulties; we couldn't find the right way out to get to Knighton. We asked a policeman the way and he, being in a hurry, gave us the wrong directions. After travelling some miles, we asked a pedestrian the way to Knighton, and he soon put us on the right road. After passing through a small place called Leinwardine, we travelled down a quiet road till we arrived at Knighton. We consulted our map and found that we had to go to Rhayader via Cross Gates, and so we went on our way, and later in the afternoon we arrived at Rhayader.

We had not left Rhayader very long before we came to the beginning of the Elan Valley, in the form of a large, deep lake. We stopped to stretch our legs for a few minutes and I took some photographs. We then returned to the car and followed the valley through, admiring the scenery. The downpour ceased and the sun came out. Later in the afternoon we arrived at a beautiful dam, over which fell glistening cascades of water, the water on the dammed side of the river being very deep and clear. We soon passed another of these dams, and when we had travelled a little further we decided to have our tea. While our meal was in progress we saw two curlews on the hills, and afterwards went closer to them to have a look at them. This was the first time I had seen any in real life.

Returning to the car, we started up a very steep incline which led out of the valley. We were now on our way home. We followed the beautiful River Wye for several miles on the way to Llandrindod Wells and then to Builth Wells, and here we started running short of petrol. On the way to and at Kington we called at several garages but found them all closed. However, after leaving Kington behind, we came to a small garage with one pump where we managed to get some petrol. The tank had, perhaps, one pint in it when we reached here, and we had visions of a very long walk.

We were now on the last lap of our journey, and we made for Worcester via Leominster. Once through Worcester we were soon home. We had had a very enjoyable day and now had a good idea of what sort of a place that Birmingham water supply came from.

DAVIES (V.B.).

### THE SKID-KIDS

When I was asked one Friday evening if I were going to see the Skid-Kids, I must confess that I looked rather puzzled. But the name sounded so new and unusual that I decided I would see for myself what it was all about! And now I know!

The Skid-Kids are the young 'teen-age riders on a local cycle speedway track which has been made in a field by the boys themselves. The surface is of loose ashes, and the word "skid" certainly applies, as these cyclists corner without brakes and with one leg extended!

The bicycles are special ones, costing about £12 and, since spills and collisions are frequent, there are often cycles looking the worse for wear after an evening's racing. However, I found out that this particular club pays out of its funds for all damage done.

The Skid-Kids practice frequently, and every Friday they have a match with another team, at home one week and away the next.

The actual races are very exciting, and each one includes four riders—two for each team—and they do four laps of the track. Points are given as follows: 1st, 3 points; 2nd, 2 points, and 3rd, 1 point. There are 14 races, and the points obtained decide who has won. There is great skill and excitement, especially round the corners as a cyclist tries to cut in on to the inside position. Sometimes a rider wins because the other three are lying on the ground.

A running commentary from a loud-speaker van, and a mobile canteen, help to make a really enjoyable evening, and I can quite understand why the crowds are getting larger to support the "Skid-Kids."

PAMELA HUSBAND (III.A).

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### "HANDY-MAN!"

I consider myself fortunate in having an elder brother, David, who is exceptionally clever at maths. My friends envy me when I meet them at the bus stop and they learn that I have—with a little help—solved that impossible trig. problem.

David, besides being mathematically-minded, is, however, also mechanically-minded and is one of those people who must know how and why a thing works. I remember him once removing all the locks from the doors just to see if they all worked the same. I don't know whether they did or not, but they certainly have not worked the same since.

He is a keen cyclist, and takes his bike to pieces down to the last ball-bearing, cleans the parts, and puts them together again in their proper place, much to my amazement.

He enjoys mending fuses and "messing about" with electricity, and thinks nothing of taking the front off mother's Hoover to oil it, but do you think he would ever raise a finger to help with the washing up? No!

MAVIS BENNETT (IV.A).

### MOTHER'S BRAINWAVE

On Whit Monday, mother arose and announced that we would all be going to Elmdon Airport to watch the air display. My brother decided not to come, so father, mother and I started to get ready. Father said it would rain, but mother, who always thinks she knows best, said the sun would shine all day. Thus mother and I, clad in gay summer dresses, with a pessimist by our side, walked quickly down to the bus stop. When we reached the airport it started to pour with rain. So, as father is a gentleman, he had to forfeit his mackintosh.

We quickly ate our lunch and soon found a suitable spot to stand and watch. The first event was the fly past of all the aeroplanes that were taking part. In the meantime I had changed into a pessimist, and was thinking of the sunny seaside. When the event was over three saturated creatures slowly made for the nearest bus stop. We stood in a bus queue for about a quarter of an hour, hearing such remarks as "They've got no sense" and "Probably haven't got one." So we moved on, and when we came to an open cafe, we gulped down a nice cup of hot tea. We had already walked about two miles, and after another ten minutes' walk we caught a bus into Birmingham. We learned that the next bus was at twenty to six and it was now five o'clock. I went into a trance and dreamed about a cosy, warm fire, which was probably burning in our fire-grate. How I longed to get home!

At last the bus came, and all the way to Studley we had to listen to two men who had been to Birmingham races and had, unfortunately, lost all their money, and were wondering what "the old woman" would say. When we reached our back door a smile at last came to my mother's face, but not to father's, and as we entered, the first thing we noticed was that we had not got a fire. What an ending to a "lovely" day.

ROSALIE BOLT (II.A).

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### MY CONTRIBUTION TO THE BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM

Minnie and Sid were my two hamsters. Sid, the older of the two, had run away a few days previously. Minnie was very lonely, and I suppose she made up her mind to hunt her fortune, too. From a column in the weekly paper on the following Friday, I learnt where she had been found.

Unfortunately, Minnie had wandered over a ploughed field and into Mr. Smith's chicken pens. I expect she was hungry, but just as she was obtaining food a clumsy farmer hit her on top of the head. From his point of view the animal was a rat, about to steal chickens, but I am afraid he could not account for the colour. Rats are dark brown, or black, and Minnie was a gorgeous golden brown. Because the animal was unknown in this part of the world, it was rushed off down to the "Herald" office. The "Herald" office, with considerable uncertainty of its record, offered it to the Birmingham Museum. There my poor little Minnie (although I must say I was rather proud) was stuffed and placed in a glass cage next to a fully-grown hamster.

PAMELA O'NIONS (III.B).

**DRAMATIC SOCIETY***President:* Feast.*Treasurer:* Blake.*Social Secretary:* Fogg.*Secretary:* Savage.

This Term the activities of the society have followed very closely the pattern of last, except that we have now obtained three new sets of play-reading books.

The reading of these has improved tremendously and an extremely high standard has been reached. The most successful play has been "Have You Seen My Lady?", when all the readers gave an inspired performance. In most of the readings the indispensable Feast as the middle-aged lover, Shirley Gregory as his feminine counterpart, the very versatile Cooper in his many assorted parts, and Drusilla Mortimore in her "character studies" deserve very special mention. Apart from these stars, Colleen Wigington and Peace ought to be mentioned for their rendering of "Snaps." In fact, if there were space everyone could be said to be worthy of mention for something.

We are once more back to normal after last Term's upsets. We have had a change of scenery in that we now hold our meetings in the Geography Room. And what a change it is! We now have a much better view of the other "very general" activities. The prowling Scouts either measuring buildings or picking tree leaves, French plays in rehearsal (or are they?), the Field Club on nature walks, the very much brighter cricket of the Junior Sides' matches, and the sudden commotions from the detention room. What a change from the seclusion of V.A.

All of us are indebted to Mrs. Petherbridge for so ably looking after us the week Miss Young was lent to the Leatherwork Society, and we should like to thank her for her help.

As usual, we hope to give a concert for the Middle School at the end of Term, in which, among other things, our most successful play readings will be re-read.

*T. SAVAGE.*

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**PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY**

This Term we are again using the Music Room as our dark room, which is more convenient for blacking-out but lacks a water supply.

The club has been divided into three houses, each group working on a project to put photographs in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition later in the Term. This has involved a lot of work in the dark room and has been good practice for the juniors.

*G. R. MORTIMORE* (Hon. Secretary).

### **SCHOOL AWARDS**

On Speech Day, in addition to Oxford Certificates, the following presentations were made :—

HEAD BOY'S PRIZE—Hadwen.

HEAD GIRL'S PRIZE—Diana Browne.

FORM PRIZES—Form VI (3rd year): Perryman. Form VI (2nd year): Mary Burrows, Frances Highman. Form VI (1st year): Bradley, Gowers, Barbara Druller, Jill Kempster. Form V.A: Eileen Craddock, Patricia Elmore. Form IV.A: Bolt i. Form IV.B: Goodman. Form IIIA: Aspinwall. Form IIA: Ann Swinglehurst, Beryl Pope, Valerie Baseley. Form IIB: Pamela O'Nions. Form IA: Ann Freeman. Form IB: Barbara Jones.

PROGRESS PRIZES—Peace, Davis, Merris, Kathleen Norton.

SPENCER CUP—Perryman.

MASON CUP—Aspinwall.

SCOUT CUP—Peewits (Patrol Leader, Thornton).

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### **NATIONAL SAVINGS**

It has been very gratifying to realise during the last few months that we are, once again, making progress. Eighteen months ago we reached a very low ebb, but since then our totals have been steadily increasing. In March, 1951, our total for six months was £25 10s.; in September, 1951, we had saved £38 6s. 9d., while in March of this year we reached the much more satisfactory total of £57 4s. At this rate of progress, the total for the current six months should be over £70, but that seems too much for us to hope.

On the whole, however, we have enjoyed this year, which has seen our removal to V.A Room in order that the Choir may practice in the Art Room—or do they? Certainly our regular savers have been most welcome, not only for their cash, but also for their pleasant and friendly manners to us and to each other.

I am sure that many more of you would find that we extract the cash quite painlessly, and that money spent on National Savings stamps is not lost for ever but, on the contrary, is there when it is most needed. Several members have been taking our advice and have been saving for their holidays. Why not join us now, or next term, and save for Christmas—or even next year's holidays in 1953?

*Miss YOUNG (Hon. Secretary).*

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### **CRICKET, 1952**

*Captain:* Buckley.

*Vice-Captain and Secretary:* Savage.

This Term there have been two practices a week, under the supervision of Mr. Ames and Mr. Bell.

For the first match against Hanley Castle several new players were "blooded." The bowling and fielding were quite good, even though we had lost the two most successful of last year's bowlers. When we batted, wickets fell fairly regularly, showing that the side was lacking in batting strength.

In the next match we batted first, and we lost the first four wickets for 17 runs, but two good stands helped the score to 64, when the last five wickets fell. When Evesham batted they also lost four quick wickets, but we were foiled by one man, who scored 45.

At Stratford we won for the first time since 1948. The fielding was very good and the home team managed to score only 36. At one time it looked as though the total was too large for us, but once again the "middle" showed up.

We also beat St. Philip's. This was the first time that we had played them, and after they had made a reasonable score we lost our first seven wickets cheaply, but a stand of 38 for the eighth wicket saved us. The winning hit was a six into the "Ragley Oak."

We were completely eclipsed at Chipping Campden by a bowler who, according to reports, was the best schoolboy bowler we have met for a long time. We nearly saved the game, the last wicket falling with only one over left for play.

Against Redditch we had a series of misfortunes; first, one of our players was hit when fielding and was not able to bat, and another had to retire with a split finger.

The batting has been fairly weak (there have been no good opening stands) and the onus has usually fallen on the "middle" men to save the side. The bowling and fielding have both been very good, except perhaps at Chipping Campden, where we got a bit disheartened towards the end.

### RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI.	v. Hanley Castle G.S. (away).	Lost, 36—69.
"	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home).	Lost, 64—65 for 6.
"	v. Stratford K.E.S. (away).	Won, 38 for 8—36.
"	v. St. Philip's G.S. (home).	Won, 64 for 7—62.
"	v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away).	Lost, 25—131 for 8.
"	v. Redditch C.H.S. (home).	Lost, 64—100.
"	v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away).	Drawn, 104 for 3 dec.—37 for 4.
"	v. Redditch C.H.S. (away).	Lost, 44—45 for 6.

*C. B.*

### IS THERE A FAIRY LAND?

When I was but a tiny girl,  
My mother talked to me  
Of little faeries, short and slim,  
That live in fairy lea.

I've often wondered why it is  
That, as I older get,  
My mother tells my sister  
Of the little people yet.

And though I know she loves them,  
I cannot understand  
Why mother always tells her  
There is a fairy land.

As yet I have no reason  
To think that this is so;  
But I am still not certain.  
I wish that I could know.

ANGELA CREMETTI (II.B.).

## ROUNDERS, 1952

*Captain:* Sheila George.

*Vice-Captain:* Susan Salmons.

So far this season our first team have played four matches, those against Chipping Campden and Evesham being won, the others, against Redditch and Worcester, lost.

Owing to other engagements, two matches with Evesham and Hugh Clopton had to be cancelled.

This Term, a new fixture with Leamington College, made up of under-15s, gave the School another win.

The two teams were chosen from M. Bennett, A. Lidgley, S. Merris, S. Devey, S. George, B. Phillips, P. O'Nions, S. Salmons, M. Salmons, D. Dryden, A. Swinglehurst, P. Husband, K. Richards, H. Smith, J. Rawbone, Y. Beesley, W. Lovell, W. Grummett, J. Smith, J. Lett.

### RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st IX.	v. Chipping Campden G.S. 1st IX. (away).	Won, 5—3½.
"	v. Redditch C.H.S. 1st IX. (home).	Lost, 2½—8.
"	v. Worcester G.G.S. 1st IX. (home).	Lost, 5—5½.
"	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st IX. (away).	Won, 10½—2.
A.G.S. 2nd IX.	v. Redditch C.H.S. 2nd IX. (home).	Lost, 1—4.
"	v. Worcester G.G.S. 2nd IX. (home).	Won, 5—2.
"	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd IX. (away).	Won, 3—1.
A.G.S. under 15	v. Leamington College (away).	Won, 2—0.

S. K. G.

## SCOUTS

At the end of last Term we lost Mr. Lord, who had been our Scoutmaster for three years. Now we are very fortunate to have as our Scoutmaster Mr. W. H. D. Ames.

We had an average of thirty-five Scouts each Friday afternoon, split into six patrols. Each Scout now contributes one penny weekly for buying necessary articles.

This Term we have practised several Scout tests—bridge-building, tracking, map-work, fire-lighting, first-aid, and other Tenderfoot and Second Class tests.

G. S. DORMAND (Troop Leader).

### MEMORIES OF THE SEA

Do you remember the sea, Miranda?  
Do you remember the sea?  
With the children playing on the sand,  
And the men and the boys making noise in the band,  
And the many colours flashing?  
But the sea now is a-dashing  
All the castles to the ground,  
Which we found,  
That the children had been building on the sand.

Do you remember the sea, Miranda?  
Do you remember the sea?  
With the noise and the bustle  
Of the children all a-hustle,  
Dancing and skipping,  
In and out,  
Out and in.  
Of the castles they had built on the sand,  
Where the people were a-singing,  
Shouting, laughing,  
And bathing in the sun, on the sand  
By the band.  
Do you remember the sea, Miranda?  
Do you remember the sea?

SALLY HUNT (III.B).



**TENNIS, 1952***Captain*: P. Aspinwall.*Vice-Captain*: M. Woodfield.*Secretary*: P. Elmore.

Owing to the bad weather in the early part of the Term, our practices were curtailed. Since Whitsun they have been enthusiastically attended after school on Tuesdays and Fridays, and many members of the Middle School are very promising.

At the beginning of the season we had two matches with Studley College, when the team seemed to lack fighting spirit. However, in our matches against Redditch County High School and Leamington College, a new fixture, we were more confident. Our result against the Redditch six was particularly pleasing, as we had not beaten them for some years.

The School has been represented this year by Margaret Woodfield, Pat Aspinwall, Barbara Druller, Jill Bunting, Mary Bunting, Sheila Winspear, and also Wendy Lovell.

**RESULTS**

A.G.S. 1st VI.	v. Studley College (home).	Lost, 4 sets to 5 sets.
"	v. Chipping Campden (away).	Lost, 50 games to 67 games.
"	v. Studley College (home).	Lost, 0 sets to 9 sets.
"	v. Leamington College (away).	Won, 8 sets to 1 set.
"	v. Redditch C.H.S. (home).	Won, 6 sets to 3 sets.
"	v. Worcester G.G.S. (home).	Lost, 2 sets to 7 sets.
"	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away).	Won, 8 sets to 0 sets (1 unfinished).

*P. M. E. A.***SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS**

The following details were not available for publication last Term—

**HOCKEY (BOYS)**

A.G.S. 1st XI.	v. Hanley Castle G.S. 1st XI. (home).	Lost, 0—4.
"	v. H.P. Sauce 1st XI. (home).	Won, 3—2.
"	v. Tettenhall College (home).	Lost, 0—3.
"	v. Bournville 3rd XI. (away).	Lost, 0—1.

SIDES: Jackals 2, Brownies 0; Jackals 1, Tomtits 1; Brownies 1, Tomtits 0.  
 SIDES (Junior): Jackals 3, Brownies 2; Jackals 2, Tomtits 2; Tomtits 1, Brownies 0.

**ANALYSIS**

	Played	Won	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against
A.G.S. 1st XI	9	2	7	8	29

**HOCKEY (GIRLS)**

A.G.S. 1st XI.	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st XI. (home).	Won, 8—2.
"	v. Redditch C.H.S. 1st XI. (away).	Lost, 1—6.
"	v. Old Scholars XI. (home).	Lost, 1—3.

SIDES: Jackals 5, Brownies 1; Brownies 4, Tomtits 2; Jackals 5, Tomtits 1.  
 SIDES (Juniors): Jackals 1, Brownies 1; Tomtits 3, Brownies 2; Jackals 5, Tomtits 1.

**ANALYSIS**

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against
A.G.S. 1st XI.	13	7	5	1	43	25
A.G.S. 2nd XI.	3	2	—	1	12	5

**NETBALL**

A.G.S. 1st VII.	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st VII. (home).	Won, 22—6.
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SIDES: Jackals 11, Tomtits 8; Brownies 22, Tomtits 8; Jackals 15, Brownies 11.

**ANALYSIS**

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
A.G.S. 1st VII.	5	3	1	1	98	65
A.G.S. 2nd VII.	2	1	1	—	25	31

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